# DEMOCRATIC PRESS

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RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1886.

Costano On auditirs O.

WHOLE No. 912.

POSITIVELY

The (Nompareil) shall constitute a square.

The space occupied by ten lines of this

Ope-quarter column, one year, .....

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QUEENS-WARE and GLASS-WARE,

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# They Will Not be Undersold

Carbon Oil, Water White, - 10c per gallon 5 lbs. New Turkey Prunes for - - - 25c.

Call and See. Always a GOOD FIRE. LIVE POULTRY WANTED

THE BALANCE

-OF OUR-

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### PRICES

—THAT WILL—

# CLOSE THEM

Immediately.

"

All others in proportion. We must have room for Spring Invoice of

CARRETS

Beginning to Arrive.

# A. T. SMITH.

JANUARY 13th, 1886.

# These are the Finest Gentlemen's Shoes in the Market! tion. Two children on the shady stone porch sat on the same ornamental settee she had always used, and the

-AND-C. L. ROOD & CO., Have the Exclusive ale of them in Ravenna.

PITTSBURGH LUMP at \$3.25 per ton PALMYRA, BRIER HILL 250 in all the most substantial, and desirable lines of shyly at the stranger.

LUMP AND NUT. 350 in Apleasant-faced la BOOTS AND SHOES. Orders left at J. S. Smith & Son's, Furry & Wil-ame', or Geo. Poe's, will receive prompt atten-ion. W. W. B. SMITH & CO.

Is complete en every department. Call and see us,

A New National Poem.

The following poem was awarded the Boston Pilot Christmas prize of \$100. John Boyle O'Reilly is said to have said that the writer "has added to our literature a poem writer "has added to our literature a poem that will rank forever with the "Star-Spangled Banner," of Francis Scott Key."

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and mountain and river: I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau and the full moon rise over Mont Blane; but the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who late it, it is the symbol of the power and glory and the honor of flfty millions of Americans.—George F. Hoar. Enchanted web! A picture in the air.

Drifted to us from out the distance blue, From shadowy ancestors through whose brave care

We live in magic of a dream come true-We live in magic of a dream come true— With Covenanters' blue, as if were glassed In dewy flower heart the stars that passed O blood-veimed blossom that can never blight! The Declaration like a sacred rite, Is in each star and strife declaratory. The Constitution thou shalt long recite, Our ballowed, eloquent, beloved \*\*Old Glory!"

O symphony in red, white, blue! faufare
Of frumpet, roll of drams, forever new
Reverberations of the Rell, that bear
Its tones of liberty the wide world through!
In battle dreaded like a cyclone blast!
Symbol of land and people unsurpassed.
Thy brilliant day shail never have a night.
On foreign shore no pomp so grand a sight,
No face so friendly, nanght consolatory,
Like glimpse of lofty sparwith thee bedight,
Our hallowed, cloquent, beloved "Old
Glory!"

Thou art the one Flag; an embodied prayer, One, highest and most perfect to review; Without one, nothing; it is lineal, square, Has properties of all the numbers, too, Cube solid, square root, root of root; best classed

Cube solid, square root, root or root; uest classed
As when o'er old centurion it blew—
(Red is the trumpet's tune,) it means to dare!
(Bod favored seven when creation grew!
The seven planets; seven hues contrast;
The seven metals; seven days; not last;
The seven metals; seven days; not last;
The seven metals; seven days; not last;
The seven tones of marvelous delight
That lend the list ning sout their wings for dight:

flight:
But why complete the happy category
That sives toy thirteen stripes their charm
and might.
Our hullowed, elequent, beloved "Old
Glery!" In thy dear colors, honored everywhere

The gree offense which consider the result and my site termion we view;
Faith, Hope, and Charity are numbered there,
And the three nails the crucily ion knew,
Three are offensed when one has trespassed,
God and one's neighbor and one's selfaghest. aghist; and soul and manhood's height; Christ's deily, and soul and manhood's height; The Father, Son and Ghost may here unite. With texts like these, dis inely monitory, What wonder that thou conquerest in fight, Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Gid Glory!"

EXVOY.

O blessed Flag! sign of our precious Past,
Triumphent Present, and our Future vast,
Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright
Lead us to higher realm of Equal Right!
Float on, in ever lovely silegory.
Kin to the eagle, and the wind and light,
Our hallowed, cloquent, beloved "Old
Glory!" Glory!"
-- Emma Frances Dawson in Phila, News. "Old Glory," as our flag was baptized by ar soldiers during the Rebellion.—Preble,

HER HOME ONCE MORE. • Wanted—A governess at Brayton Lodge. One capable of a aching music and Languages, and bringing unexceptionable referen-

"At Brayton Lodge! Dear old Brayton, my own home: cried Lucille Bray-ton, throwing down the paper, and bursting into tears. "How can I ever not mean to interupt. Go on, please." go back there as governess, and see it owned by strangers; and yet, what else offers itself? I cannot starve.

and walked about the little room for a moment, and then picked up the paper and re-read the advertisement. "How I wonder who owns the dear old place now!" she mused. "Is there any girl now who is as happy as I was -who, perhaps, has my room, loves the flowers and walks as I did. Has a lover, perhaps, and rows with him on the lake in the moonlight evenings. Oh, Loyd, Loyd! Why do I torture myself in this way?" she broke off suddenly throwing herself on the little old lounge, in a pas-

sion of tears and grief.

Hers was truly a sad story. Ten years before, a petted only daughter, surrounded with every luxury and affianced to one whose devoted love she fully returned, sorrow had singled her out as a target for its arrows. First, her lover was called abroad, and in mid-ocean went down with the fated ship on which he had taken pas-Then, just as her heart seemed breaking with its weight of grief, a terrible blow fell over her home-none other than the death of her father by his own hand, and the sudden terrible knowledge that he had succumbed, first to one temptation and then another, intending in time to replace all, but driven to desperation at last by the accumulation of bad luck and wrongdoing.

To make what reparation they could, the heartbroken widow and daughter gave up their home and everything they possessed, and then went away to cover up their shame and grief in a part of the world where they would be strangers to all.

The year that followed had been one continuous struggle with sickness and poverty, in the midst of which Mrs. Brayton quietly folded her tired hands over her broken heart and died, leaving Lucille alone in the world. After that, overcome with loneliness

and a longing to see her old home, Lucille slowly drifted back to the place of her happy girlhood; had just to-night arrived in the little village, taken a room in the hotel, asked for the paper and read of the governess wanted in her "I can at least go and see the dear

morning, when, after a night spent in sleepless sad memories, she ate her breakfast without seeing one familiar face, and started off.

"I don't suppose I will do, because

my references are too far away, and I will not let them know who I really

How familiar was every turn and byway of the little village and the road leading off to the Lodge. Lucille's eyes were so continually blinded with tears, that she hardly noted the faces of the few passers-by, and no one noticed her, as they had done before. Veiled, and in her plain black gown, she bore little resemblance to the beautiful Lucille Brayton, who, in other years, had dashed gaily over these roads on her pony or in her phæton, the admired of all observers.

At last the dear familiar tower, peeping above the trees, rose in sight, and then, only a few steps, and she was at the gates, stretching hospitably open, as in olden times, with the smooth white drive rolling away beyond under the shady beeches. "I must—I must control myself," she

murmured, leaning for a moment against the lichen-covered stone gatepillar. "But, oh, how hard it is! And now little everything is changed! I had hoped to find it so, and yet how doubly hard it makes it to bear?" Slowly she went on, winding in and

out the wide shady drive until the house was reached, and every step revealed how lightly time had touched the The new owners had made no chan-

ges. Every seat, arbor, and statue was the same, and unchanged as to posi-

sight of her one of them jumped up. "I s'pect you're our new governess. Do you want to see manima? they would do.

"Yes," answered Lucille, with a great exertion at steadying her voice. And the child at once disappeared into the house, leaving his sister staring little while, and we will have a double A pleasant-faced lady soon appeared in the doorway.

warm without.'

ing than sight, for memories were overpowering. "You came in answer to the advertisement, Miss-

"Lathrop," said Lucille faintly, and pushing aside her veil with reluctance she remembered her tear-stained But the darkness of the room only reits excessive pallor-nothing

sition; and can teach music, French, German, and, with a little study, Latin. But I am a-stranger here, and my refercuces are from places and people so distant that I did not know whether you would be willing to accept them." Two keen bright eyes had been searching her face as she spoke, and their owner was making up her mind in

"I would be pleased to secure the

"I think I would be willing. Are you fond of children?"
"Yes, madame." "And have you taught before?" "For three years, in a family from whom I bring a reccommendation. A few more questions and answers followed; and then, almost before Lucille realized it, she was engaged, shown

to her room, and a boy dispatched to the village for her trunk. "Can it be possible, or am I only dreaming!" she murmured, sinking into the chair by the window, in the very room that had belonged to her gover-ness. "Father, mother, do you know that I am at home? Home! Oh, what a bitter mockery! I must go away again!

I can never bear it!" But she did bear it, and soon learned to love those who now called it home Mrs. Morton was a widow, with a frank impulsive heart, that was soon won by the stranger; and the children fell promptly in love with their new goveriess, who never grew tired of strolling about the grounds with them, and telling the most wonderful stories, of how another little girl had once lived in their house, and had done so and so.

It was a life nearer happy than any she had lived for ten years; and many, many times the truth hung to her lips when talking to Mrs. Morton. But she never spoke it.

"Such a piece of news," said the lady, oming in one day with an open letter in her hand. "My brother is coming "Yes," said Lucille, with polite inter-

est. "The one you call your favorite! Is he coming to visit you?" "Visit me? Why, this is his house, aughed Mrs. Morton, throwing down the garden-hat. "And with such a love whome as this, he leaves me to do as I lease here, and goes roaming around

he world after a girl he loved years ago. This was her home. Why, Miss "Oh, it is nothing," interrupted Lu-cille; ghastly pale. "Only a stitch in my side. I have them trequently. But not mean to interupt. Go on, please."
"I really don't know all the particulars, often as I have heard then Mrs. Morton. "But they were cugaged, Almost desperately she sprang up, and as I say, this was her home; but her father forged, or something, and killed himself, and then the girl and her mother gave up everything and disappeared. But I forgot to say that just be fore that my brother had been called

abroad, and was reported lost at sea, but had escaped death in the miraculou way, that some people--" But with a startled ery she interrupted herself and sprang up, just as Lucille sank from her chair to the floor in utter

insensibility. It almost seemed as if life would not eturn, but Mrs. Morton together with he servants who rushed in at her rightened cry, were indefatigable, and I last they were rewarded.

"Do not speak!" Mrs. Morton exclaimed, as the gaze on her face grew rational, and the white lips began to tremble. "I guess what you would say. You are Lucille Brayton. Close your eyes if I am right.

Instantly the lids fell, but as quickly ifted again. "Say it again," the faint voice pleaded, in spite of commands of silence. "Loyd lives? my Loyd? Loyd Murray?" "Yes, yes. But you must be quiet. will not talk to you," eried Mrs. Mor

ton, who was in a perfect delirium of iov and excitement. But Lucille did not want her to. That one deliriously joyful truth was enough to feast on for the present, and gladly she closed her eyes and lay quiet, while Mrs. Morton, calling her carriage, drove hastily into the village and sent this startling announcement to her brother,

Loyd Mufray. "Come at once. Lucille Brayton i with me." And you cannot imagine, how, after reading it, the speed of lightning seemed but snail's pace to him, who

since his wonderful escape from the sea, had never ceased looking for the one who, believing him dead, and caring for naught else in the world, had so sedu ously hidden herself away. Their meeting was far too full sacred joy to bear either witness or description Mrs. Morton welcomed her brother at the steps, saw him into the parlor, and saw Lucille rise from her

old place," she said to herself the next chair, looking like an angel in her white draperies and the speechless joy in her pale face. Then she harried away with her eyefull of happy tears for their joy, and tried to explain to the astonished dren how Miss Lathrop was not Miss

Lathrop, and was going to be their auntic very soon. "Did you not notice how like old times everything looked?" Mr. Marray asked Lucille, as next day they strolled

"Oh, yes, the moment I reached the gateway; and while, of course, I was glad to see it so, it nearly killed me with memories. I thought I could never bear to stay here," answered Locille who still could not realize the wonderful truth that her lover, so long mourned as dead was beside her.

"I reached here about six or eight months after you left, and finding the house just as you had left it, still in the creditors' hands, I purchased it, and then began to look for you. Why, my darling, it seems to me that I have ran-sacked the entire world in searching for you, and advertised far and wide. How could I have failed in finding you? "Easily, Loyd. We went so far and

among such entire strangers, and never, save when I was out of work, and looked at advertisements, did we see a paper. No one gave them to us, and we could not afford even the cheapest. And to think all that time you were keeping the old home and looking for

ly joyful, and clung to him as if in ter-ror that the horrible past would prove still a reality, and the present but a delirious fleeting dream.

But the clasp of his arms, and the sound of his tender voice, were very reassuring, and presently she was smiling though her tears as he talked of what

"And I'll whisper a secret of Helen',

She burst into a passion of tears, pure

which she has perhaps not told you. She goes to a home of her own in just a own-and you are all my own, after own—and you are all my own, after (\$12 and \$15 per month), half of which dained to take service under the con-is expended on the paltry clothing you querors, and went in thousands to swell wifel" | see compelled to buy from the captain the armies of Spain. Lucille did so more by sense or feel-

OYSTERING.

Rough Experience of an Amateur Fisherman on Chesapeake Bay.

"I never see an oyster but what I think of the poor devils down the Chesapeake bay.

The reporter who was thus addressed looked up from his stew and eyed the speaker curiously. He was a good lookathletic young fellow. His voice indicated that he was an Englishhman. He was sitting on the other side of the table, and was waiting for his order, and was evidently inclined to be soci-

"Did you ever go oystering?"
"I should say I did. I had five months of it. Down the Chesapeake bay looks well in print, doesn't it? and sort o' poetical-like. But it's hell—or hurried decisive way characteristic of if that ain't hell, then there's no hell. I shall never forget my five months of ovstering. Look here!" And the stranger pulled up the right sleeve of his blue flannel shirt and pointed to two circular

"What are they?" the reporter asked. "They're the marks of boils caused by eating so much sait meat, and generally living on food not fit for haman consumption. My mate had a hole eaten clear through his arm from the same cause.

This is his story: "I and my partner Dick struck Baltimore broke, just about a year ago. It was bitterly cold, and we applied to a police station for shelter for the night. We were ashamed to do it, but we could not help ourselves. In the morning we were turned out, and were strolling along a street near the water's edge, not knowing where to go nor what to do, when two men bailed us and said: 'Johnny (everybody's 'Johnny' among oystermen) d'ye want a berth?" That was just what we did want, although we didn't know what it was, and we shouted back 'Yes!' 'Come along then,' they said. We followed them, and learned that they were on the lookout for hands for an oyster schooner lying in midstream. Glad of any kind of work, and almost indifferent as to our fate, Dick and I signed articles of igreement. On our part we agreed to do our duty to our captain and the com-pany employing us, and they in turn oledged themselves to pay us our salary, to feed, and treat us well. Some color-ed men joined the crew. I guess Dick and I were the only two who could

read. The boss got mad at me because t insisted on reading the articles of agreement before signing them. The common way was to sign a cross. It was nothing but a form. We got into a yawl and were rowed out to the oyster chooner. When half way over the captain asked each of us for \$2 for shipping mores. I denounced the demand as a robbery, and said I wouldn't pay it. Well, I couldn't, for I didn't have a cent. But you bet it was docked out of my salary all the same. Once on board the schooner it didn't take us long to heave anchor and hoist sails. Being of a curious turn of mind, and I naturally turned my attention to the conveniences mentioned in the shipping articles and sworn to under bond, red tape, and sealing-way. First came the captain's and the mate's quarters in the cabin, then the hold of the vessels for ysters, then our 'bondoir.' You laugh. That's all right. I can laugh now my-self; but if you'd been with me then and een our boudoir your stomach would have been very sick. In knocking about the world I had learned that it was bad ever to appear green, so I set about to sleeping apartments of the

crew. But after searching all over the ship I had to give it up, Finally I went to the most intelligent fellow among the rew, and who looked an old hand the business, and broached the subjecto him. He fairly roared with laughter, and pointed to a hole in the forepart of the deck. I approached, and getting down on my knees, looked be-Oh, heavens, what a den! I have often heard of dead languages, but the effluvia which met my nostrils con-vey d more intelligence than all the living languages on earth. After reviving myself with fresh air, I tackled it and went below to study the mysteries of the A compartment of bed chamber. about eight feet in its greatest measurement, with a few rough boards nailed to the side, and a very small stove in the center, comprised sleeping apartments for a crew of eight. powered by the stench and my emotion. gained deck again, and fell into a reverie, from which I was awakened by the dinner-bell. Now this is a joyful sound to a hungry man's ears, and being in that state my hopes were revived, especially when admonished not to be afraid to eat.' No wonder the captain laughed in his sleeves at such a huge joke, for I verily believe that not more than two of the crew touched the horrible offal, the vilest fat bacon, that looked as if it had done good service years before, and bread as hard and indigestible as builets, and, to wind up, such coffee! (dish-water), made more nauseous by pouring in a lot of molasses, a bad imitation of tar, which composed the meal. However, we had to take that or nothing, so after several attempts we managed to eat it. The first place of stopping was Annapolis, which was reached on the 26th of October, where Old heads who had been there before told the new hands that our firm was

the license is procured, and as ovstering is not lawful until the 1st of November we had ample time to reach the ground considered one of the best in the busi ness. If that was so, God help the worst. In due time we were told off to our respective boats, and on the norning of the 1st of November were called on deck between 4 and 5 to heave anchor and get her under way. At sunrise we were on the 'rock' (oysterbed), and commenced operations. The oysters are caught by means of a chain bag, with large teeth on the bottom (called a dredge,) which is attached to a rope about ninety feet long. The vesel in sailing over the bed drags the dredge on the bottom; when full it is wound up by means of a crank, similar to a windlass. The contents of the dredge are emptied on the deck and the oysters culled or sorted from the refuse, which is thrown overboard. This is kept up until sundown, weather permitting, when all the boats go into harbor and load one of their respective firm boats, which, when loaded, is taken to were often without water to drink, much less to wash in, and never saw a piece hood, your mother and your sister, do of soap the whole five months. Then not hold her back, but help her forward. to make matters worse, some of these Hold her failing, fair hands up in this human brutes of captains would, with- new, hard, and experimental life, for she out any provocation, knock the men is not strong. Her work takes all her down with shovels, blacken their eyes, strength. and ornament their faces in a way helpless. In such a case stand by her which seemed to give their fiendish na- side like a brother. Be a man and she tures eminent satisfaction, and as a cli- will be a woman. max to all, would compel them to eat their food on deck, even in the coldest ter to drink came to my Some cases

at better prices; and they could not beiter themselves, because at the end of the season they were put ashore at some outlandish place along the bay, instead of being returned to Baltimore, according to the captain's sworn agreement, and yet these villians are allowed to ply their netarious business with impun-In the face of this, what a faree our laws are. I was always under the impression that we lived in a country where slavery was abolished by Abraa burning shame and disgrace that such barbarous treatment is allowed in a country which lays special claims to Christian and humane principles as the foundation of its government."-Cin-

General Pope in Command of the Army of Virginia.

From the Century War Series we quote the following by General Pope, prefacing his account of Second Bull Run, in the January Century: "Early in June, 1862, I was in command of the army corps known as the 'Army of the Mississippi,' which formed the left wing of the army engaged in operations against Corinth, Miss., commanded by General Halleck. A few days after Co-rinth was evacuated I went to St. Louis on a short leave of absence from my command, and while there I received a telegram from Mr. Stanton, secretary of war, requesting me to come to Washington immediately. I at once communicated the fact to General Halleck by telegraph, and received a reply from him strongly objecting to my leaving the army under his command. I quite concurred with him both as to his objections to my going to Washington for public reasons and as to the unadvisability of such a step on personal considerations, I was obliged, however, to go, and I went accordingly, but with great reluctance and against the urgent | floor of a boat on which he was standprotest of my friends in St. Louis, and

subsequently of many friends in the his heel. A strange fascination draws army of the west. "When I reached Washington, the resident was absent at West Point, but reported in person to Secretary Stan- twenty years said that when he was on I had never seen him before, and the cruising-ground he often fished ali pectaliar appearance and manners | night in his dreams, and many a time made a vivid impression on me. He was short and stout. His long beard, which hung over his breast, was slightly inged with gray even at that time, and had the appearance of a man who harpoon into visionary monster swordhad lost much sleep and was tired both | tishe in body in mind. Certainly, with his arge eye-glasses and rather disheveled appearance, his presence was not imsing. Although he was very kind and avil to me, his manner was abrupt and s speech short and rather dictatorial. He entered at once on the business in and, seemingly without the least idea that any one should object to, or be reluctant to agree to, his views and purto me not well pleased, that I did not swordfish. Ziphias, however, broke the assent to his plans with effusion; but line, and a few moments after leaped went on to unfold them in the seeming | half out of the water, with the object, it certainty that they must be submitted to. | should seem, of taking a look at its per-He informed me that the purpose was armies under McDowell. that the enemy Fremont and Banks, all three of whom were my seniors in rank, and to place

ne in general command. ommanders of the three corps of the army should be dissatistied with an organization in which they were subordimost equally so that the subordinate the seeming affront to their own officers nvolved in calling an officer strange to were engaged, to supersede well-known and trusted officers who had been with them from the beginning, and whose reputation was so closely identified with eir own.

"How far this feeling prevailed among em, and how it influenced their actns, if it did so at all, I am not able to ell; but it is only proper for me to say and it is a pleasure as well as duty to ay it) that Generals McDowell and Banks never exhibited to me the slightest feeling on the subject either in their conversation or acts. Indeed, I think it would be hard to find officers more faithful to their duty or more deeply interested in the success of the army. To General McDowell especially is due my gratitude for his zeal and idelity in what was and ought to have been considered a army.

### Fitz-John Porter at the Second Bull

From General Pope's description of the battle, in the January Century, we quote the following: "In this battle (of August 29) the Fifth Corps, under General F. J. Porter, took no part whatever, but remained all day in column, without even deploying into line of battle or making any effort in force to find out what was in their front. That General Porter knew of the progress of the battle on his right, and that he believed the Union army was being defeated. is shown by his own dispatches to Mc Dowell, several times repeated during

"Not the artillery only, but the voleys of musketry in the battle were also plainly heard on their right and front by the advance of Porter's troops much of the day. In consequence of his belief that the army on his right was beng defeated, as stated in more than one of these dispatches, he informed Gener-McDowell that he intended to retire to Manassas, and advised McDowell to send back his trains in the same direc-

"For this action, or non-action, he vorably compared with George Washington. I presume he would not accept the first position, and probably he would tainly I have not the inclination, even had I the power, to assign him to either or to any position between the two; and if he were alone concerned in one question, I should make no comment at all on the subject of this day. Many others than himself and the result of a battle, however, are involved in it, and they do not permit silence when the second

In a recent letter to the Chicago Times, Joaquin Miller says: "How I wish to beaven that every man could only Baltimore, or some other market. It bear in mind that this girl or that girl was very seldom we got through work who is trying to get forward in her hard until 9 p. m. So we were glad enough work has a mother at home eagerly to crawl into our den, like so many ani- waiting for her, a father whose only mals, and sleep as best we could. Be- hope is this child. And, even if she has sides the fearfully mean diet (which a neither—no friend at all, even—the case decent man would not offer a dog), we is more pitiful still. And so, for the love of God and the honor of woman-

She is often pitifully weak,

When Spain held despotic sway over day in winter. I shall never forget last South America, from Panama to Cape Christmas day; we actually had no wa- Horn, some of her ablest Viceroys and bravest and most brilliant sold wedding, and then, my darling, the old home is once more your own—all your own—and your are all my own, after the disastrous defrauded out of their meager salary cromwellian and Williamite wars, dis-

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Concerning Swordtish. The swordfish is considered very good eating by some, though the flesh is coarse, and there is a rank fish taste that I, for one, do not like. But for this purpose he should be caught young. There is quite an industry in southern New England devoted to swordfishing. The swordfish never comes to the sur face except in moderate weather, and the small vessels cruise around near ham Lincoln; but what a fallacy! It is shore in the summer whenever abundance of food indicates that they ought to be found. A man at the masthead

keeps a lookout for the dorsal fin, which, with his keen, practiced eye, he can see at a distance of two or three miles. When one is sighted the watch sings out, and the skipper takes his station in the bow in the "pulpit," with the harpoon in his hands. When the vessel is within ten feet of the fish it is struck, not by hurling the spear, but by a sudden plunge which buries the iron head into the flesh on one side of the high dorsal fin. The pursuit of the swordfish is much more exciting than ordinary fishing, for it resembles the bunting of large animals upon the land. and partakes more of the pature of the chase. There is no slow and eareful baiting and patient waiting, and no disappointment caused by the acci-dental capture of worthless "baitstealers." The game is seen and followed and outwitted by many tacties. and killed by strength of arm and skill. The swordtish is a powerful antagonist, and often sends his pursuer's vessel into harbor leaking and almost sinking. I have known a vessel to be struck by wounded swordfish as many as twenty times in one season. There is ever the spice of personal danger to give savor to the chase, for men are occasionally injured by the infuriated fish. One man was severely wounded by a swordfish who thrust his beak through the oak

ing and penetrated about two inches in

men to the pursuit when they have once

learned its charm. An old fisherman

who had followed swordlishing for

he has bruised his hands and rubbed

the skin off his knuckles by striking

them against the ceiling of his bunk

when he raised his arms to thrust the

The pugnacity of the swordfish has become a by word, and many are the instances of furious attacks and deadly encounter of which this fish is the hero-A most enrious case came up before the Court of Common Pleas in London some vears ago rather an odd place, by the way-for inquiry into the natural history of fishes. An English vessel, the Dreadnaught, was fishing in the open poses. He was surprised, and it seemed sea, when one of the crew booked a to me not well pleased, that I did not swordfish. Ziphias, however, broke the secutor. Probably he satisfied himself large cetacean, which it was his natural duty to attack forthwith. Be this as it may, the attack was made, and at 4 was natural not only that the o'clock the next morning the captain was awakened with the unwelcome intelligence that the ship had sprung a leak. The insurance company nated to their junior in rank, but al- willing to pay the damages claimed by officers and the enlisted men of those hole was made by a swordfish, basing corps should have been ill pleased at the defense upon the assumption that a swordfish could not withdraw its sword after once imbedding it. Prof. Richard them and to the country in which they Owen said: "It strikes with the accumulated force of fifteen double-headed hammers. Its velocity is equal to that of a swivel-shot, and is as dangerous in its effects as a heavy-artillery projectile. Neither he nor Mr. Buckland could state positively whether the fish could withdraw its beak after passing it through three inches of stout planking swordfish has little backing power, but might succeed in "wriggling its sword out of the hole." Be this as it may, the insurance company had to pay nearly £600 because an ill-tempered fish

objected to being hooked. Recipes for the Sick.

Milk and Lime Water.-To four tea spoonfuls of milk put one of lime water and give to the patient ice cold. This is specially valuable in cases of prolonged nausea, as the stomach rarely fails to retain this, even when it rejects every thing else.

Peptonized Milk. - Dissolve twenty grains of bicarbonate of soda and five grains of the extract of panoreas (the latter prepared by Fairchilds Brother & Foster) in a half cup lot warm water, poured into a large wide-mouthed bottle Add to this two cups of fresh milk, cork the bottle tightly, shake well and set in a warm place for an hour. The temperature should not go above 160. At the end of the hour set on the ice until needed. Milk prepared in this manner can be taken by those with whom the beverage disagrees when drunk in its

natural state. Milk Porridge. One pint of milk two tablespoonfuls of flow. Heat half the milk to boiling, and stir into it the flour, mixed smoothly into the remaining cold milk. Boil steadily half an hour, and sait to taste five minutes be-

fore removing from the fire. Indian Meal Cruel. One quart boiling water. Half a cup of sifted Indian meat. Wet up the meat with a little sold water and stir it gradually into the boiling water. Boil slowly for two hours, stirring often. The secret of making palatable gruel lies in cooking it thoroughly. Before removing from the tire beat well with a Dover egghas been on the one hand likened to beater, thus breaking up all the lumps. Benedict Arnold, and on the other fa-Strain, salt and pepper to taste. The latter condiment must not be given to fever patients. Oatmeal gruel may be repared in the same manner.

Panada. Two half slices nice stale

bread, one table-poonful white sugar, salt to taste and a little cinnamon or nutmeg, one small teacupful boiling sprinkle with salt, sugar and spice. Pour over all the builing water, cover with a plate and set in an open oven for ten minutes. If preferred, split Boston erackers can be used instead of bread, but these must lie in hot water half an hour. Panada is soothing in case of

painful sore throat. Dev Toasi. Cut a slice of moderately stale bread about half an inch thick. Trim off the crust and toast quickly over a clear lire, taking great care not to search the bread. Batter very lightly or not at all and serve immediately aft-

er it is made. Meringued Toast. - Dip a freshly toasted slice of bread into boiling water, slightly salted, and lay in a bowl or deep saucer. Pour over it a sauce made of half a cup of boiling milk, a teaspoonful of butter and the stiffly whipped white of an egg, the latter stirred in just before the milk is taken from the fire. Set in the oven for five minutes until the

meringue is delicately browned. Toast with Chicken Boullion. - Lay a rustless slice of toast in a deep dish, and pour over it a cupful of chicken boullion, made as directed in a former article. Let it stand in the oven for a few moments before serving. - Christins Terhune, in Good Houskeepi

Old farmer (to amateur ditto)-What do you feed your pigs? Amateur farm-er-Corn. O. F.-In the ear? A. F. (in disgust)-No; in the mouth-